

Beautiful

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Summary: Flash fic for a richonnejustdesserts (tumblr) writing challenge based on images from a photo shoot Andy did for The Rake magazine. I chose the image of him lounging in a weathered chair looking up. He struck me as a man in love and, yes, slightly obsessed with his wife. That spoke to me and I wrote this VERY AU story.

Beautiful

Lounging in his favorite chair, he looked first at the antique clock ticking in the library and then at the spiral staircase connecting the two floors of the huge loft apartment. The buzz of the Manhattan street noise was a muffled sound through the floor to ceiling windows behind him.

It had been a long day and an even longer week and he wanted nothing more than to just relax and stay in bed for the next three days and nights. And, if he had his way, possibly another day.

But tonight was important to her.

And she was important to him.

So he put on the high fashion monkey suit and shiny shoes and pledged to do everything in his power to make this a night to remember.

The click of heels drew him out of his thoughts to the staircase and his breath caught. His heart picked up speed.

Even after all of this time. All of these years, she did that to him. Excited him. Humbled him.

Staring at her from his slouched position in the chair, he drank her in. Stared at her smooth dark skin and how it contrasted with the fuchsia of her gown. He'd learned long ago not to call it bright pink. It was fuchsia and it was a color made for her. Her gown dipped

into a deep V but was still modest by high fashion standards, showcasing the arms and shoulders she worked so hard on and exposed her stomach in peek a boo panels.

His eyes lingered at the skin those panels revealed, imagining how he'd rather spend the next few hours. Reluctantly traveling upwards and into safer territory, he drank in her beautiful face. The face that he'd fallen in love with many years ago when they were both just starting out. The face he pledged his life to on their wedding day and the face that was first on his mind every single day.

Her beautiful brown eyes stared into his, amusement lighting them up as she walked toward him, knowing how he'd prefer to spend his evening, knowing that she had him wrapped around her long, elegant finger.

She walked slowly toward him, allowing him to absorb the beauty he'd been enjoying for so long. Knowing that he needed to get his fill of her before sharing her with the hundreds of others who would be clamoring for her attention the rest of the night.

Stopping a mere foot from his favorite chair, she lifted a toned arm to adjust her diamond earring. The gift he'd given her on their anniversary the week before. He had loved seeing her wearing nothing else but those earrings. With no trappings of the wealth they'd worked so hard for. No distractions. Just her beautiful, glowing skin and the jewelry that made her his.

As she stood in front of him, a small smile curving her full lips, he knew a response was expected. He just needed an extra moment to catch up. Gazing into her eyes, he returned her small smile with a slow one of his own, knowing what that did to her heart rate, something she admitted many years ago.

"You're beautiful."

"So are you. Thank you for showing off my latest design."

Looking down at the snug, patterned jacket that hugged his frame to perfection, he gave a small shake of his head, his long tousled hair brushing the soft material of the collar.

"Only for you."

"I know."

Looking up at her as she viewed him with the confidence of a well-loved woman, he knew exactly what was going to happen next. And it made his body thrum with excitement. Sitting up slowly, he snaked his hand through the opening of the long, loosely draped skirt of her gown, caressing the thigh that was hidden from his gaze and let it slide up until he could feel his hand warm with her heat.

The sound of her quick intake of breath filled the silence of the room and he looked up at her with knowledge born of familiarity and mutual obsession. She looked down at him with glazed eyes.

"We're going to be late"

"Oh yes we will. They'll wait. I can't."

A further slide upward and he caught her as her knees buckled.

"And you won't."

After time very well spent and, as the antique clock reminded them just how late they now were, he escorted his very relaxed wife out the door, feeling generous and much more agreeable to sharing her with the world that loved her.

Because he knew exactly how much she deserved to be loved.

End  
file.